

The Sacrifice Continues

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..Half Price..

THIS SALE MEANS EXACTLY WHAT WE SAY—ONE-HALF PRICE. WE WANT YOU TO COME IN AND MAKE A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION: SEE THE GOODS; GET THE PRICES.

One-Half Price Means Exactly What We Advertise

\$35.00 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$12.50
\$22.50 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$11.25
\$20.00 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$10.00
\$18.00 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$9.00
\$15.00 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$7.50
\$12.00 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$6.00
\$10.00 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$5.00
\$9.00 SUITS AND OVERCOATS GO FOR	\$4.50

TROUSERS GO AT HALF PRICE

\$6.00 TROUSERS FOR	\$3.00
\$5.00 TROUSERS FOR	\$2.50
\$3.50 TROUSERS FOR	\$1.75
\$2.00 TROUSERS FOR	\$1.00
\$1.50 TROUSERS FOR	75c

SALE NOW ON. ONE DOLLAR IS EQUAL TO TWO DOLLARS AT THIS SALE

SULLIVAN & BOND, Your Clothiers

MODERN BATTLES.

The Directing Head is Never at the Front.

Today circumstances place a commander completely out of sight of his army. He is usually located at least 10 or 15 miles from the firing line, and in many instances even farther away. He sits in a room, whence radiate telephone and telegraph lines to the remotest portions of the field, placing him in communication with his principal subordinates. The famous painting of Napoleon at Austerlitz represents, in the popular eye, a commanding general directing a great battle. But it belongs to the warfare of the past. The artist who aspires to depict the direction of a modern battle must show a man seated at a table on which is spread a huge map dotted with little flags indicating the location of the opposing forces, with an ordinary desk telephone at his elbow. In an adjoining room is a switchboard, where all alert operators ready to connect the commander with any of the field headquarters. From this room, also, comes the steady clicking of a score of telegraph instruments, busily receiving and sending messages. But for the military uniforms of the messengers and the going and coming of staff officers the man at the table might be a stock operator directing, through his brokers, a deal in steel or railroad securities. Even the stenographer at his elbow is not lacking, but sits quietly taking messages under dictation, to be transmitted presently by telegraph. Other officers copy these messages and file them away, after putting them under a time recording stamp, to show the hour they were sent, so that afterward delinquencies may be located and responsibilities fixed. Thus, apart from the excitement and horrors of the battlefield, a general sits at a desk and calmly directs the battle. He hears that this attack has been repulsed, that reinforcements are needed here, that ammunition is running low there, that this division has been cut into pieces, that those troops have been two days without food, and so on, along his 40 miles of front, and takes his measures accordingly. This picture is not fanciful. With due allowance for the fallibility of all human devices when subjected to the strain of abnormal conditions, it is substantially correct. —Thomas F. Millard in Scribner's.

One of the Chief Horrors of War.

At daybreak some red flacks from the dragon's jaws drifted back from the mist and dust through which he was writhing forward. It looked, some men said, like the procession of the damned who filed past Dante in hell. Each man had a red roll around him. They uttered no sound—they looked not at one another, but stared vacantly and mildly at us as they shuffled silently from the mist and shuffled silently on. The expression of each was so like the expression of the rest that they looked like broth-

ers. A more creepy, ghost-like thing I never saw. I knew not what they were, but they fascinated me and made me shudder and I found myself drawing towards them, step by step, hardly conscious that I was moving. I do not recall that any one of us uttered a word. Yet they were only sick men coming back from the front—soldiers sick with the kakke, the "beriberi," the sleeping sickness. It was hard to believe that the face of any one of them had ever belonged to a soldier—harder to believe that sickness could make a soldier's face so gentle. That man in the red shirt and those grey ghosts that shuffled so silently out of one mist and so silently into another are the high lights in the two most vivid pictures I've seen thus far.—"On the Dragon's Trail," Scribner's.

The Governor's Wife.

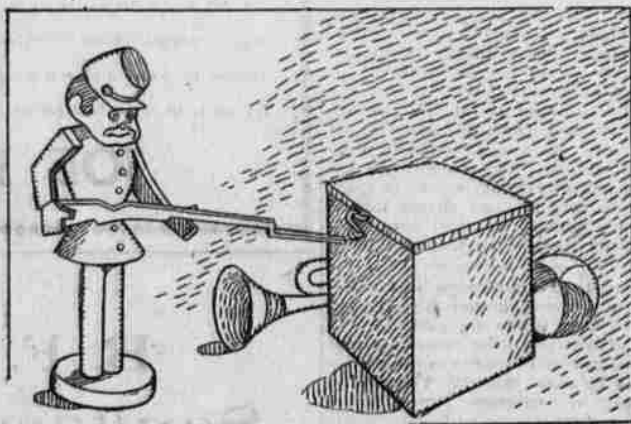
"Two men in Buffalo," says ex-Lieutenant Governor Woodruff, "re-

cently had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a governor of a state had an official title. One man contended that she should be addressed as 'Mrs. Governor So-and-So,' while the other man stoutly insisted that she was simply 'Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank.' Finally they agreed to submit the question to the first man they should meet. He proved to be an Irishman. The case was put before him, and he was asked for a decision.

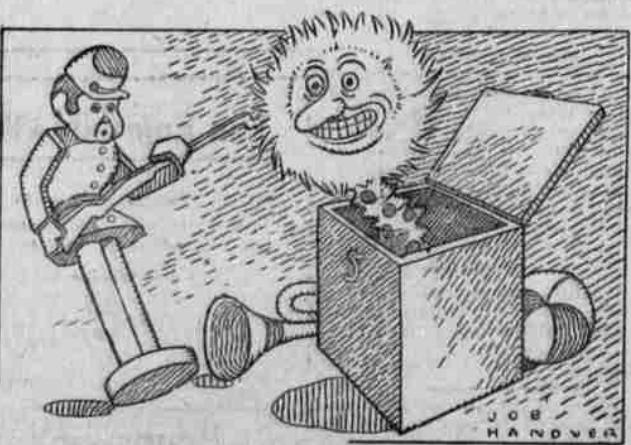
"Nayther of yez is right," said the Irishman, after a moment's reflection. "The wife of a governor is a governess."

The Boys' and Girls Aid Society of Portland can furnish a limited number of boys and girls for adoption, for light work, for chores, while attending school and for people wishing to bring them up as their own. Address W. T. Gardner, Portland, Or.

A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.



Toy Soldier—I'll just raise the latch and see what's in that little home.



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Holiday....

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